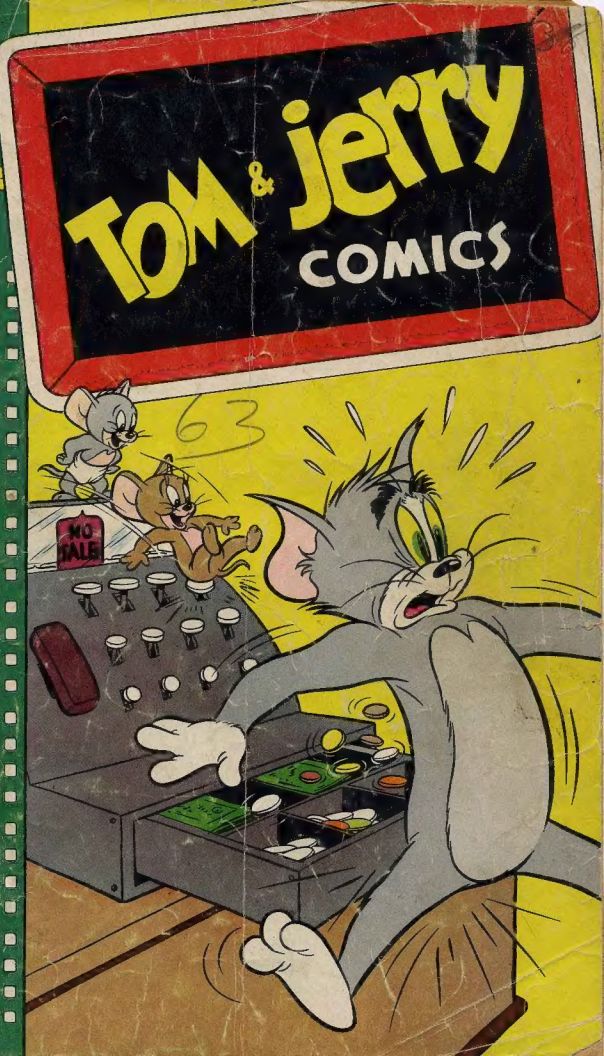


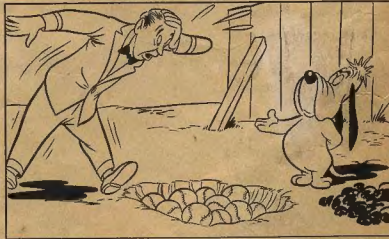
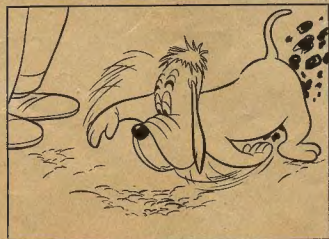
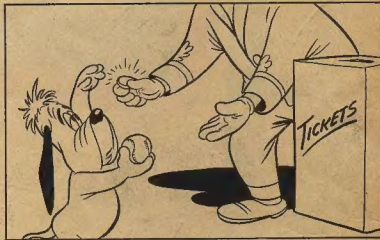
OCT.



10¢



DOODY



M·G·M· CARTOONS

present

TOM and JERRY

AH, THE THRILL OF THE DUCK HUNT! THE SMELL OF GUNPOWDER!

AWAY FROM THE WORLD OF MICE AND MEN, LESSEE, NOW... HAVE I FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

YEAH, TOM! YOU FORGOT TUFFY AN' ME! WE WANNA GO, TOO!

WHAT?

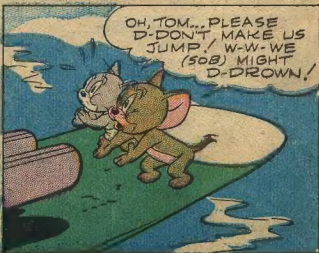
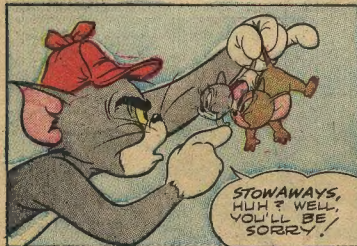
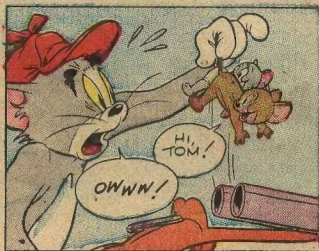
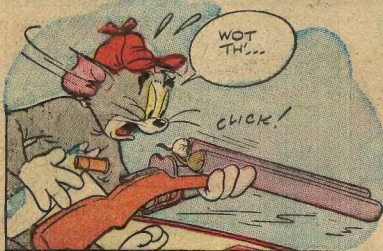
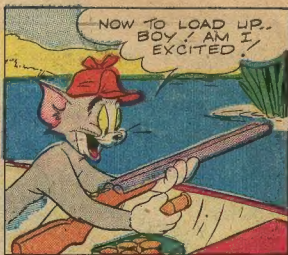
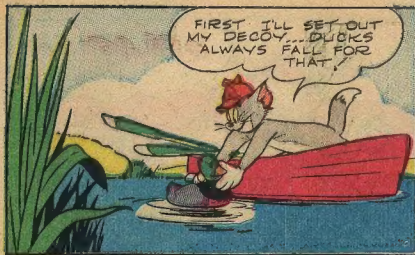
THE ANSWER IS A LOUD NO!!

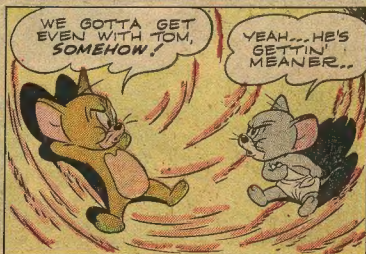
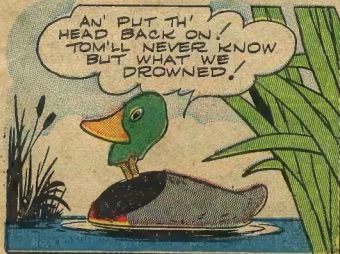
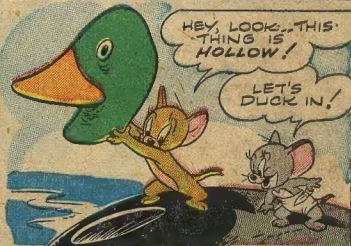
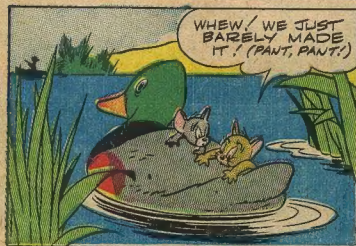
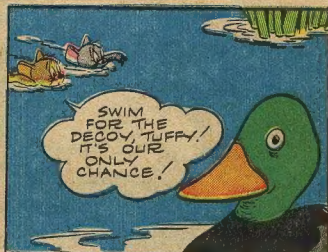
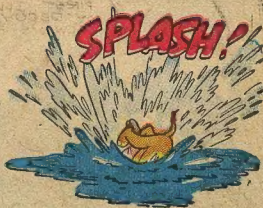
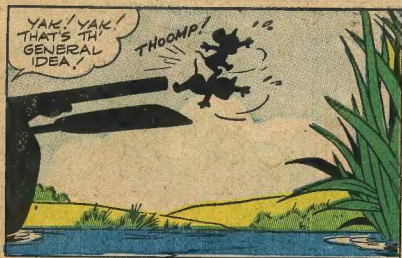
WMPH! MOST RIDICULOUS THING I EVER HEARD OF... MICE GOIN' DUCK HUNTIN'!

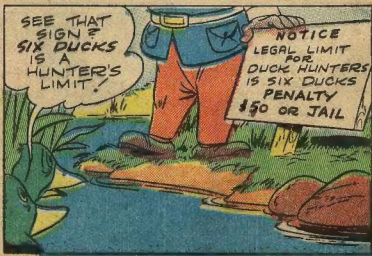
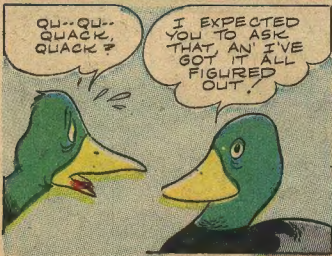
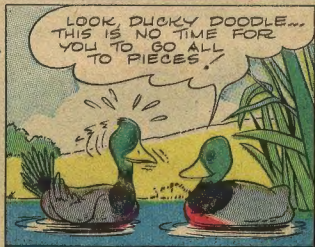
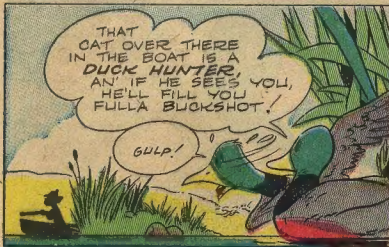
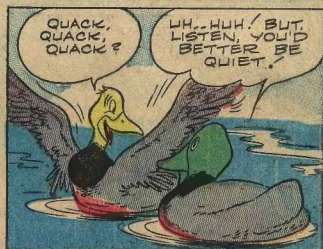
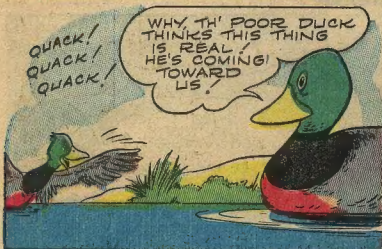
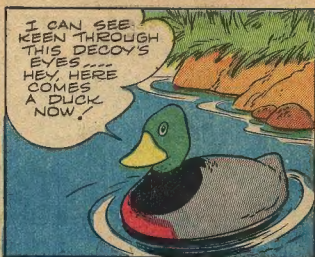
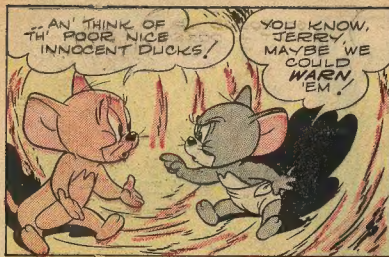
THIS IS ONE DAY I'M GONNA BE RID O' THOSE PESTS.

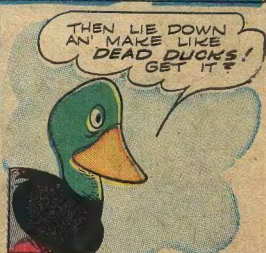
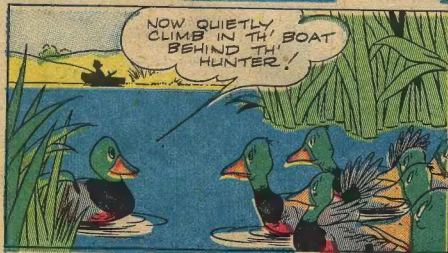
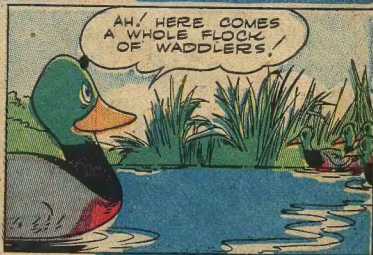
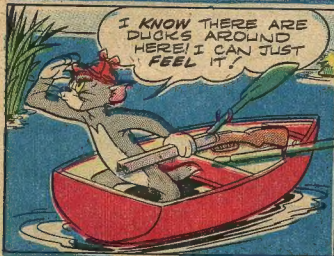
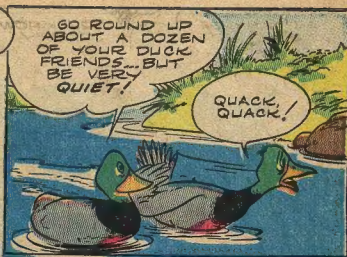
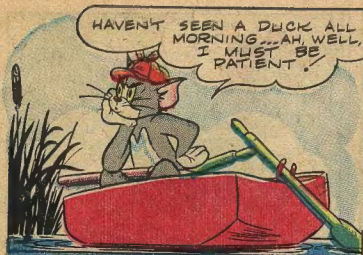
KEEN VIEW, EH, JERRY?

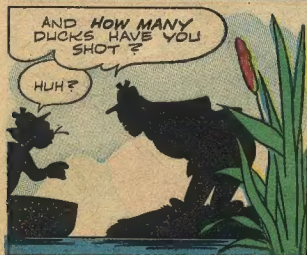
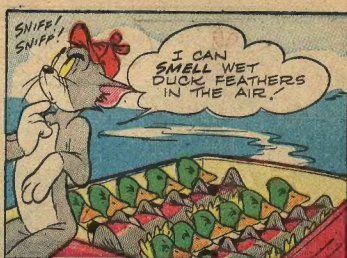
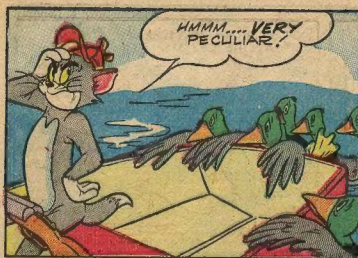
TUM, TUM, TE, TUM

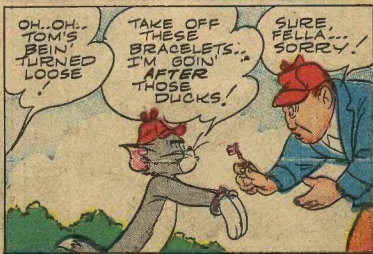
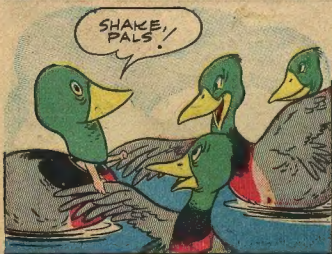
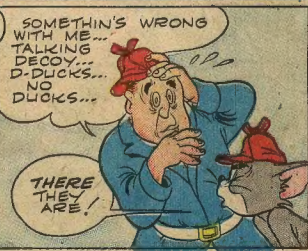
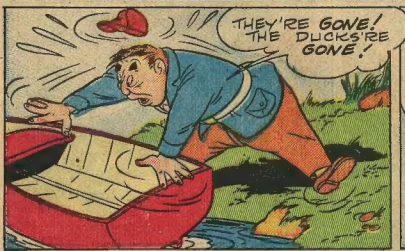
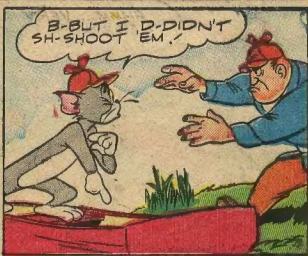
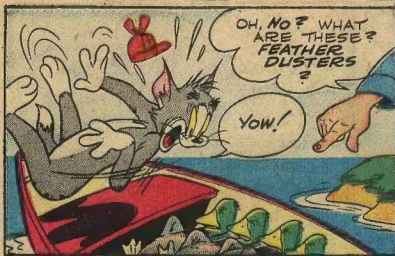


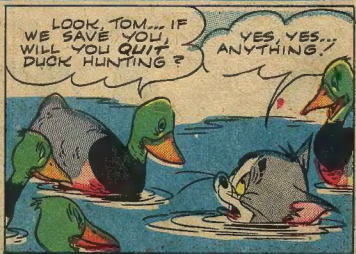
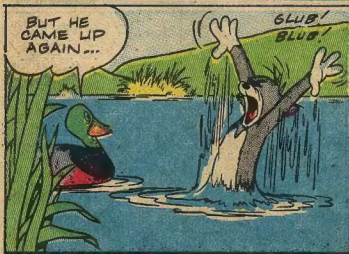
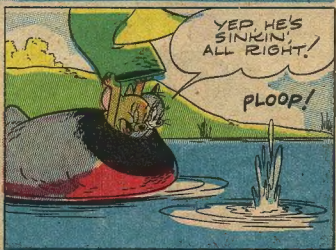
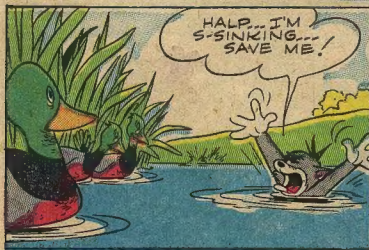
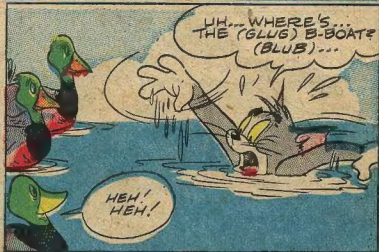
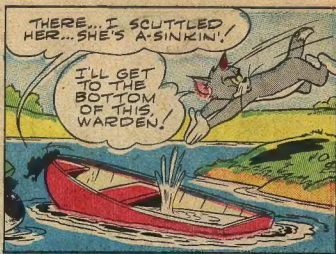


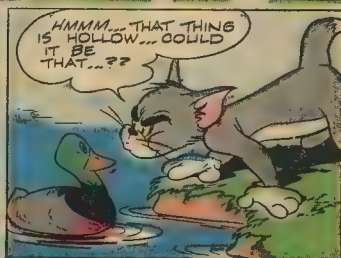
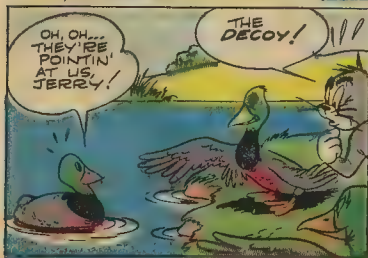
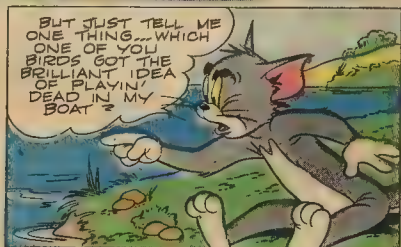
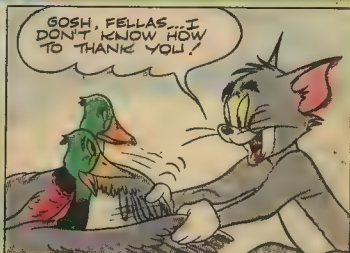
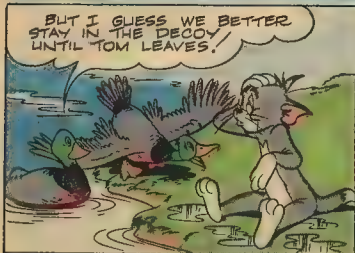
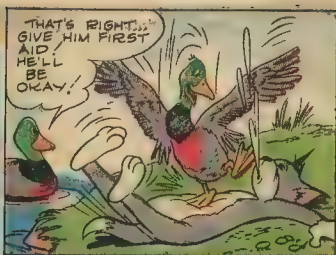
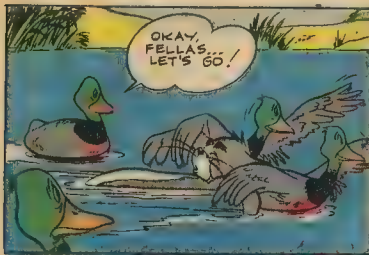


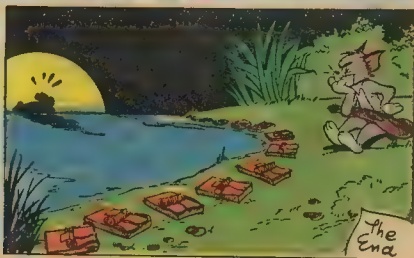
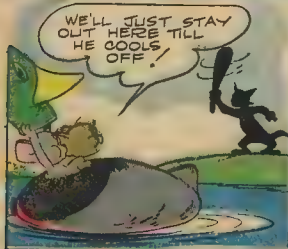
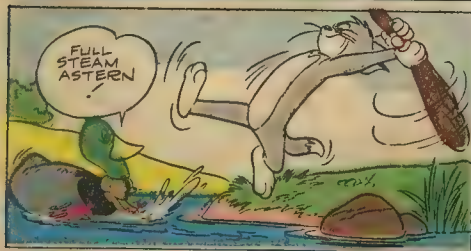
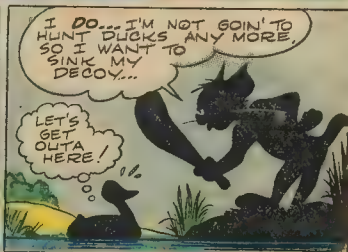
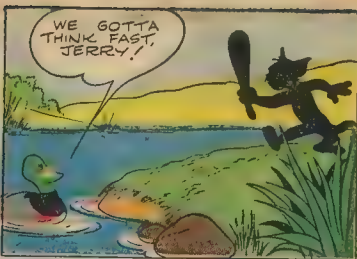
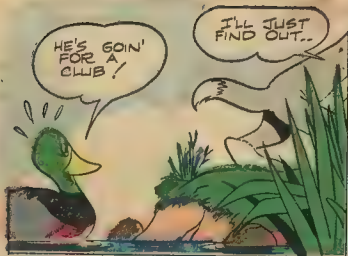








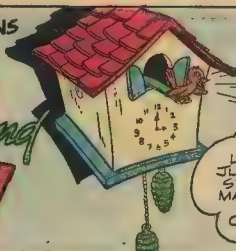




M-G-M. CARTOONS

present

JERRY and TUFFY

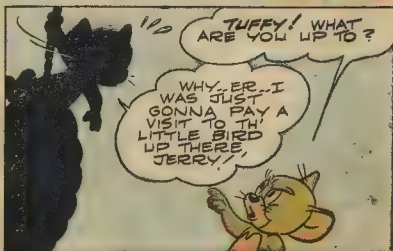


CUCKOO!
CUCKOO!
CUCKOO!

I CAN'T
STAND IT ANY
LONGER! I
JUST GOTTA
SEE WHAT
MAKES THAT
BIRD
CUCKOO!

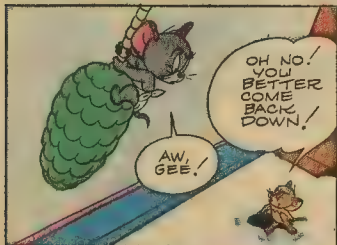


I'LL
JUST DO
A LITTLE
INVESTIGATIN'.



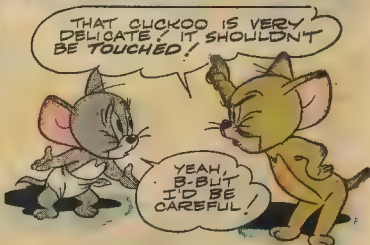
TUFFY! WHAT
ARE YOU UP TO?

WHY...ER...I
WAS JUST
GONNA PAY A
VISIT TO TH'
LITTLE BIRD
UP THERE,
JERRY!



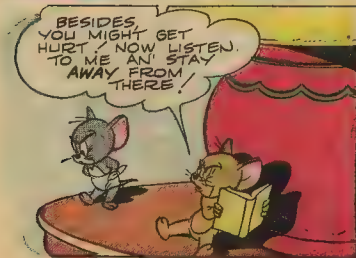
OH NO!
YOU
BETTER
COME
BACK
DOWN!

AW,
GEE!



THAT CUCKOO IS VERY
DELICATE! IT SHOULDN'T
BE TOUCHED!

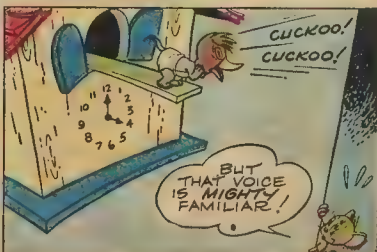
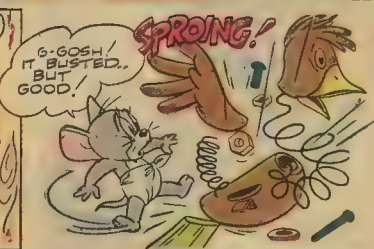
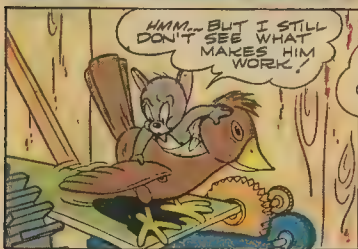
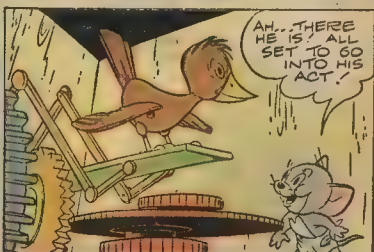
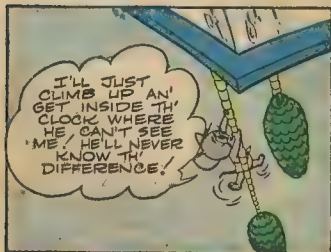
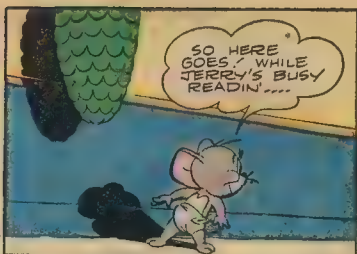
YEAH,
B-BUT
I'D BE
CAREFUL!

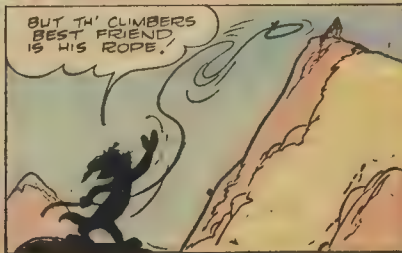
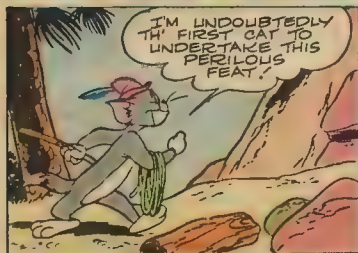
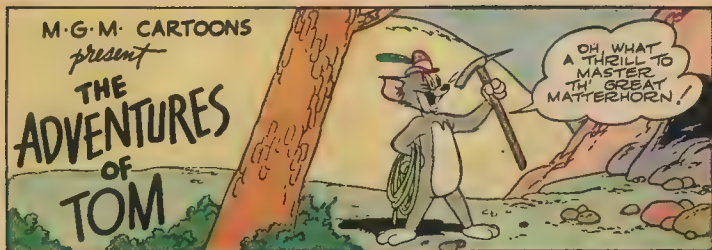


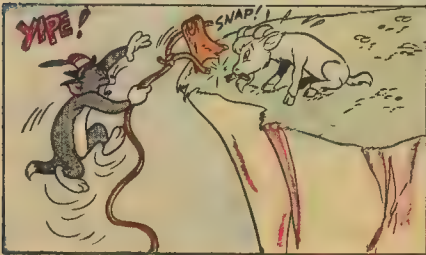
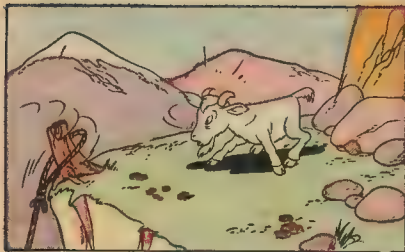
BESIDES,
YOU MIGHT GET
HURT! NOW LISTEN.
TO ME AN' STAY
AWAY FROM
THERE!

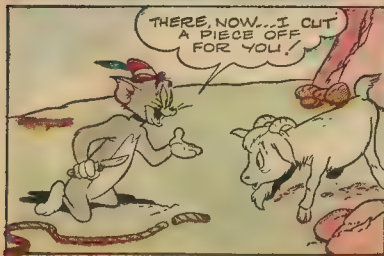
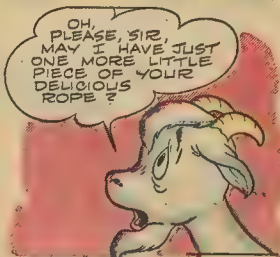
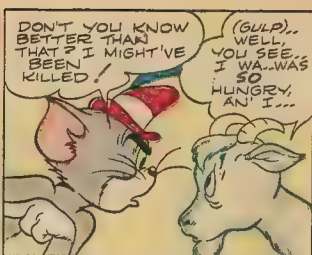
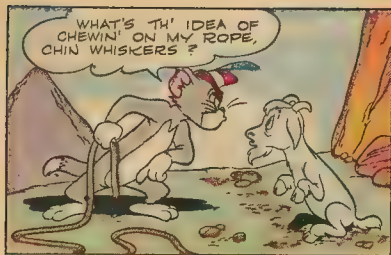


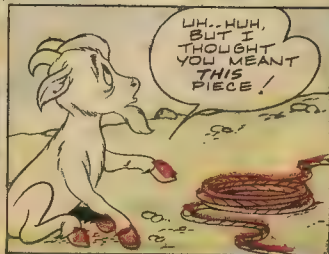
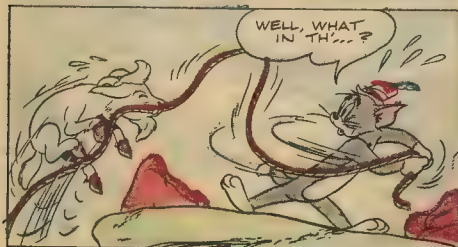
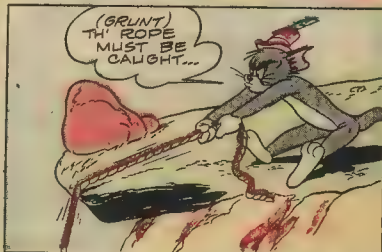
GOSH, A FELLA
WOULDN'T EVER
FIND OUT NOTHIN'
IF HE DIDN'T DO
A LITTLE
EXPLORIN'!

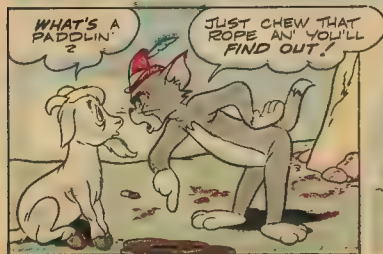
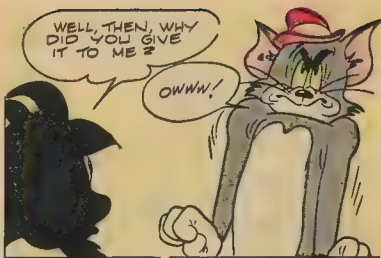


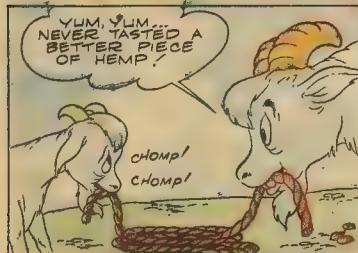
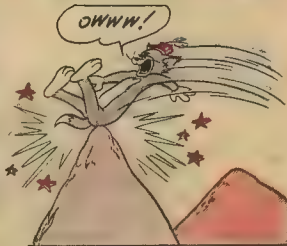
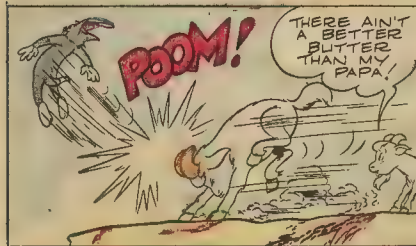
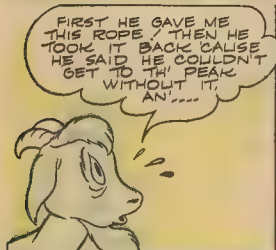
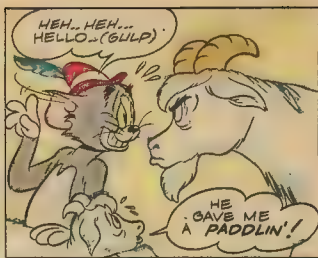
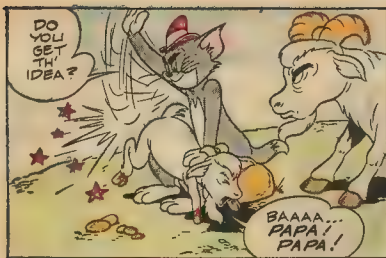


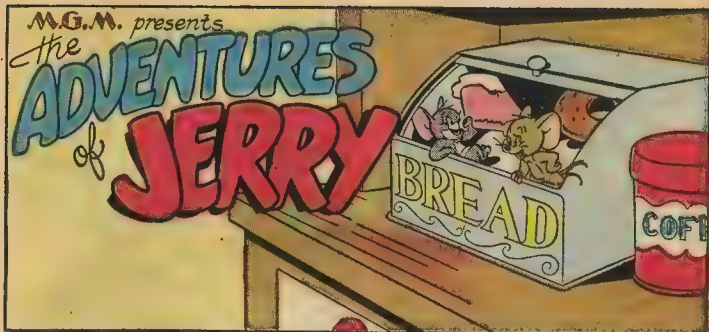












"Your idea of going fishing is great, Tuffy. . . . but I have a better plan!" stated Jerry.

The two little mice were firmly entrenched in the kitchen breadbox. Someone had forgotten to close it tightly the night before, and Jerry and Tuffy had slipped in early for a breakfast of doughnuts and coffee cake. Now they were stuffed to the ears, and ready for a day of fun and adventure.

"As soon as my breakfast slips down a little so I can breathe, I'll show you what I have in mind!" said Jerry.

A few minutes later, he hopped out of the breadbox and onto the kitchen table. In the middle of the table, someone had left a small wooden salad bowl. Jerry jumped into the bowl, and beckoned to his pal Tuffy.

Tuffy was still so full that he could hardly move, but the smell of garlic and roquefort cheese from the salad bowl gave him added strength. He gasped in a big whiff of garlic, waddled out of the breadbox, and joined Jerry.

"W-well?" chirped Tuffy. "What's your idea? If I'm going to be BOWLED over, it might as well happen in a bowl! . . . Ha! Ha!"

"That wasn't very funny!" Jerry informed him. "And besides, this is no longer a salad bowl. . . it's a boat. . . our boat."

"It must be the garlic!" thought Tuffy. "The smell's so strong that Jerry's floating on air, and he thinks he's on the ocean!"

But Jerry was not the least bit dizzy. He jumped out of the wooden dish and scampered into one of the kitchen drawers. Tuffy watched Jerry as he returned, dragging a piece of string.

"Come on, lazy!" Jerry squeaked. "Help me get this thing off the table and down to the pond! If you just sit there, you'll be ending up on a fast boat to the china closet!"

With Tuffy's help, Jerry tied one end of the string around the dish. Then the two little fellows slid down the table leg to the floor. Jerry still held the other end of the string.

"Heave ho!" Jerry piped in a sailorly fashion, giving the string a sudden pull. The wooden dish flew off the table and landed upside down on the floor.

Jerry smiled to himself in a satisfied manner, and looked around for Tuffy. "Tuffy, where are you? Stop shirking your duties and lend a hand!" he commanded.

A muffled voice retorted, "Stop playing Captain, and lift your old boat off me!"

Jerry ran over and raised the bowl. Tuffy reeled out from under it! "Mmm, you smell delightful!" sighed Jerry. "I

always thought you looked a bit cheesy, and now you smell that way, too!"

Jerry ducked just in time to escape a playful blow from his pal.

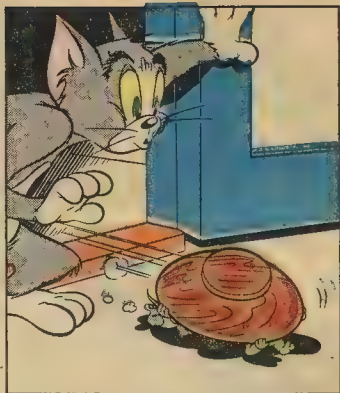
They then dragged their boat to the door...but it was closed. "Gosh," piped the disappointed Jerry, "I forgot about getting it through here! I guess we'll just have to wait till someone opens the door!"

Jerry pushed the string under the door. "Come on, Tuffy! We'll sit outside till someone comes."

They didn't have very long to wait before someone opened the door, and reached out for the morning paper. Jerry was ready, and gave his string a strong jerk. The salad bowl skimmed out the door and onto the lawn.

Tom, the cat, had slipped through the open door for his morning walk. He stared in amazement when he saw the salad bowl moving on the grass. It was upside down, and Tom thought it was a turtle. He made a leap for it!

"Whew!" gasped the cat, as he

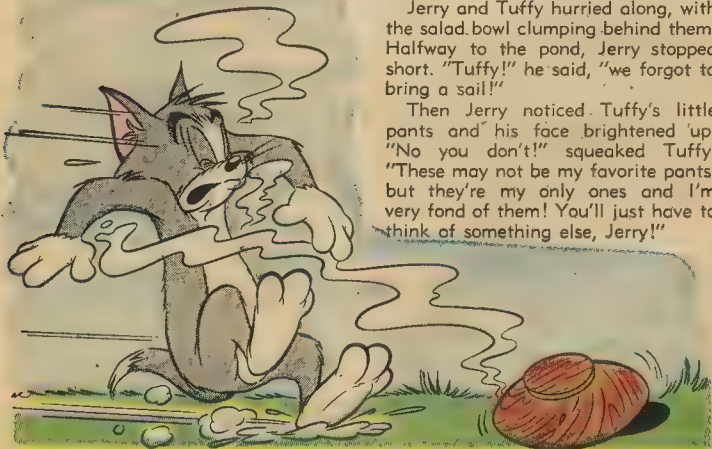


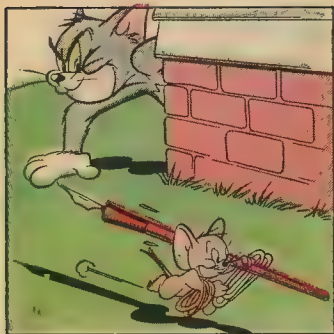
breathed in the garlic. "In that race between the tortoise and the hare, it's no wonder the hare lost! If that tortoise smelled like this, the hare probably fainted before he got started!"

The cat shook his head, and moved quickly away.

Jerry and Tuffy hurried along, with the salad bowl clumping behind them. Halfway to the pond, Jerry stopped short. "Tuffy!" he said, "we forgot to bring a sail!"

Then Jerry noticed Tuffy's little pants and his face brightened up. "No you don't!" squeaked Tuffy. "These may not be my favorite pants, but they're my only ones and I'm very fond of them! You'll just have to think of something else, Jerry!"





Jerry left Tuffy to guard the boat, and ran back to the house.

What luck! There in the back yard was a basket of damp wash! Jerry grabbed the nearest handkerchief. It would make a perfect sail. Now, what would they do for a mast?

Jerry wiggled his whiskers, and thought. Then, quick as a flash, he whisked into the house. He knew just the thing!

In the desk, way in the back of a dark little cubbyhole, mixed up with a bunch of old rubber bands, paper clips, and letters, was a pen. Jerry had found this plain old-fashioned penholder with a sharp pen point long ago, but until now, he had never needed it for anything.

Once in the house, Jerry approached the desk cautiously. Tom might be lurking around, and Jerry wasn't going to waste any time with the cat today. HE was going sailing! He reached the desk and quickly helped himself to some rubber bands, a couple of paper clips, and the pen.

Jerry got safely out of the house with his sail rolled up under one arm, and his mast over his shoulder. He was feeling very pleased with himself and strutted along singing, "Sixteen mice on an old cat boat! Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop!"

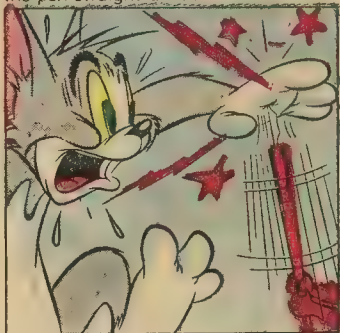
Not far behind him, grinning from ear to ear, and treading on silent feet, was Tom! Like all cats, Tom was curious. When he saw Jerry carting such an odd assortment of things, he just had to find out what he was up to!

Jerry caught up with Tuffy, and the cat watched the two little sailors hurry down to the edge of the pond.

Tom almost fell over, when he saw the mice shove the salad bowl into the water and jump into it.

"I can't let that tasty dish float by!" exclaimed Tom, and before Jerry and Tuffy had a chance to cast off, he bounded down to the water's edge and reached out an eager paw!

Jerry was still holding the pen. He had been just about ready to stick the pen into the wooden bowl for a mast, when out of the corner of his eye he saw Tom! Jerry closed his eyes, and pointed the pen straight ahead.



"Yeeeeowww!!!" Tom's paw hit the pen point! "I've been stuck!" yelled the cat, and he retreated to a safe distance.

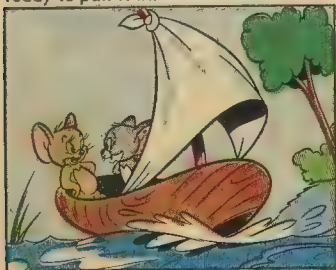
"Shove off, Tuffy!" Jerry squealed.

As soon as they were out of Tom's reach, Jerry fastened the handkerchief to the penholder with the aid of rubber bands. Then with Tuffy's assistance, he drove the penholder mast firmly into the center of the boat.

Wheee! This was fun! The breeze filled the little handkerchief sail, and Jerry and Tuffy floated gaily along on the pond's surface.

Tuffy decided that he wanted to fish, so he took a paper clip and bent it into a fish hook. He then tied the clip to the end of the string which they had used to pull their boat.

Everything was so peaceful, that both little fellows almost fell asleep. Tuffy had tied the string around his wrist so that if a fish bit, he would be ready to pull it in.



Suddenly, there was a terrible jolt!! Jerry grabbed Tuffy... and Tuffy hung on to his fish line! Zoommm!!—the salad bowl sailboat cut through the water like a rocket!

"A whale!" shrieked Tuffy. "I've caught a whale!!!"

"You mean the whale's caught us!" moaned Jerry. "Let go, Tuffy! Let go!"

Poor Tuffy! He had tied the string too well, and he couldn't let go!

From the shore Tom watched the speeding boat in utter bewilderment. Then suddenly his sharp eyes caught a flash of silver as a large rainbow trout broke through the surface of the pond.

"Fish!" cried Tom. "Aren't they sweet little fellows to catch me a fish?"

Tom poised himself on the edge of the pond and got set to leap the next time the boat came around. In the meantime, Jerry was trying to gnaw through the taut line.

Tom wasn't the only one who saw the fish.

High above the pond the keen eyes of a hawk saw the tempting prize. Down he swooped just as Tom sprang... and just as Jerry gnawed through the final thread to set Tuffy free!!

The two little mice hopped overboard and made for the near by shore.

Then they sat on the bank of the pond and laughed themselves dry. For there was foolish Tom sitting in the salad bowl, hanging on for dear life... while the bewildered hawk tried to fly off with the heaviest fish he had ever picked up!

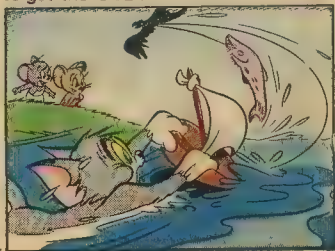
Around and around the pond the hawk flew... and around and around sailed Tom!

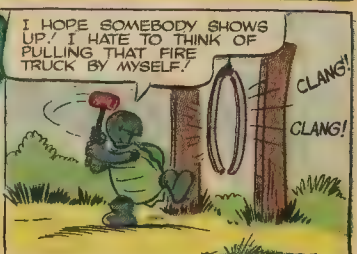
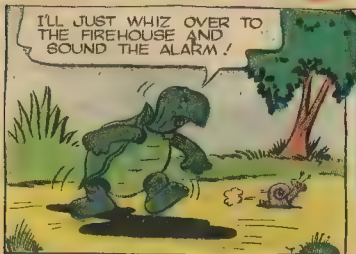
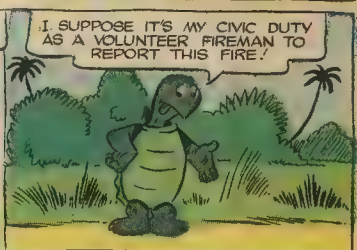
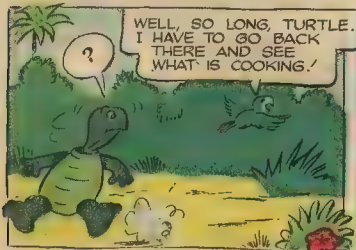
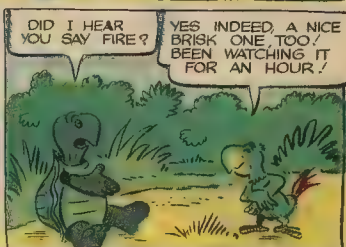
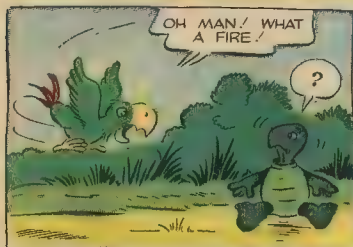
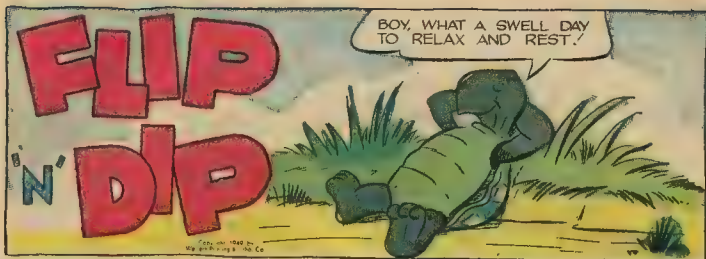
The speed and the garlic fumes didn't agree with Tom at all, and when the hawk finally gave up and dropped the fish back into the pond, Tom was too sick and tired to care! The jolt freed the fish and he swam away.

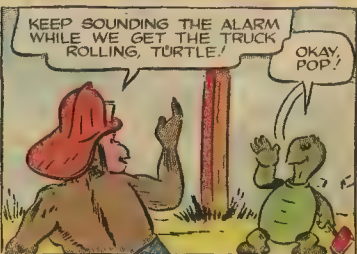
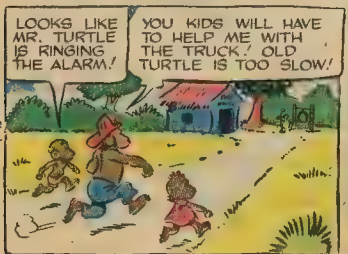
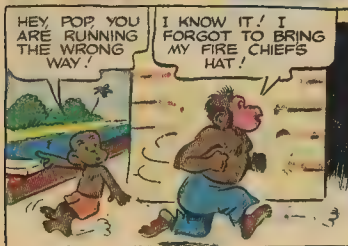
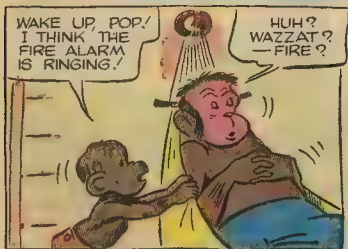
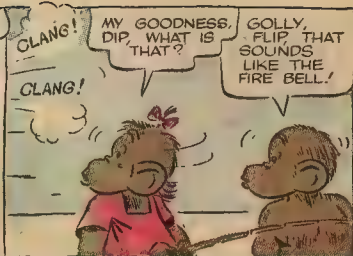
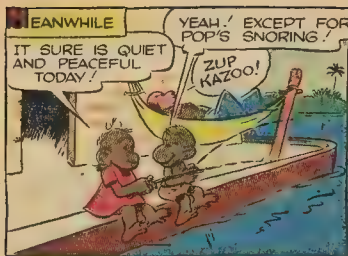
Jerry and Tuffy walked lazily homeward. They were tired from their day's adventure and all the laughing they had done.

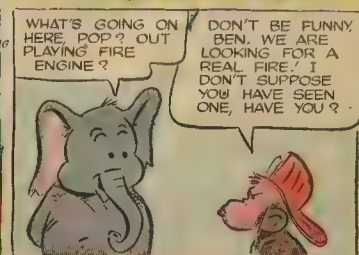
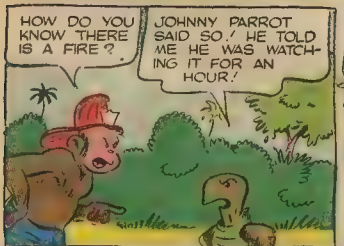
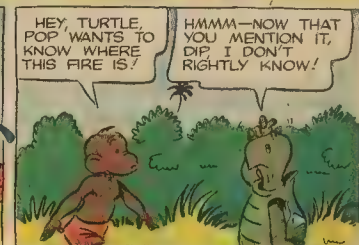
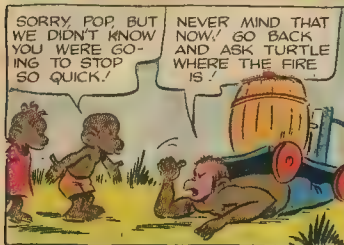
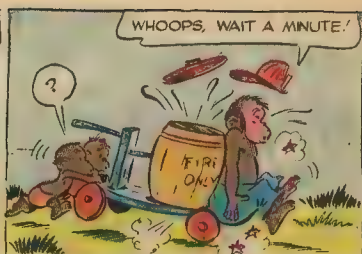
"Poor Tom! That bird sure fixed his wagon!" chuckled Jerry. "Wait till he gets home, soaking wet and reeking of garlic and cheese! He won't get a warm welcome!"

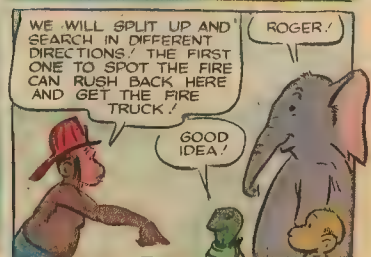
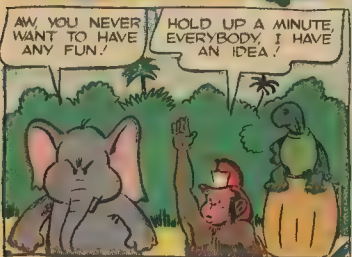
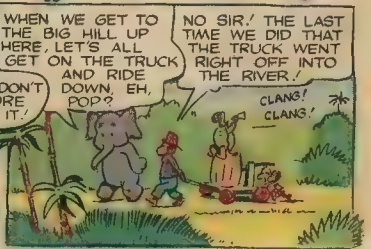
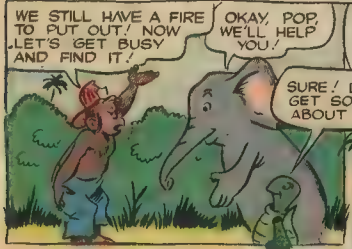
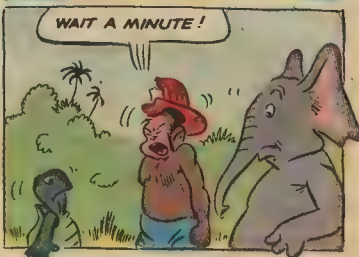
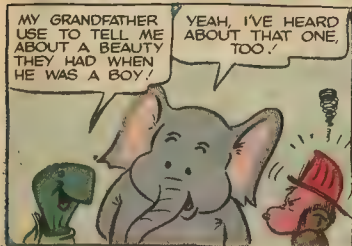
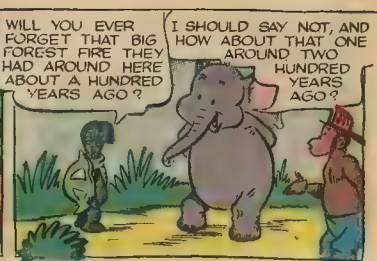
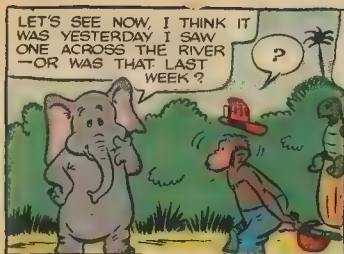
"I don't feel sorry for him!" piped Tuffy. "Anybody that butts into someone else's fun all the time... deserves to get the 'bird'!"

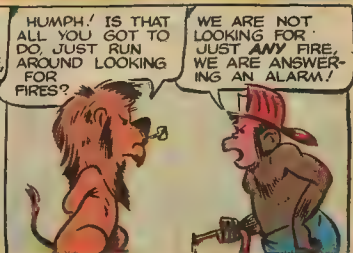
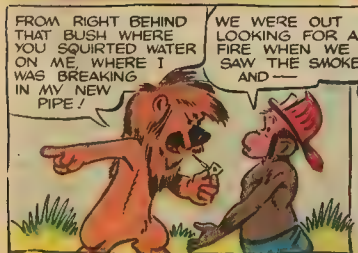
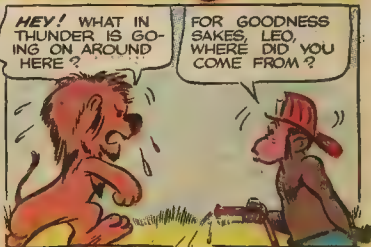
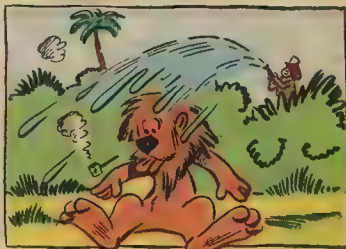
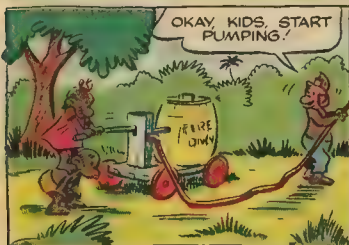
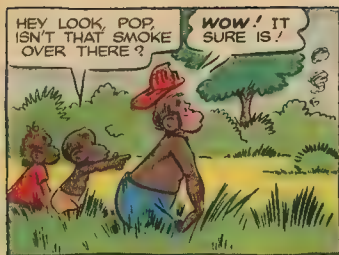




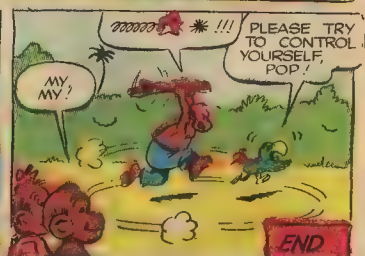
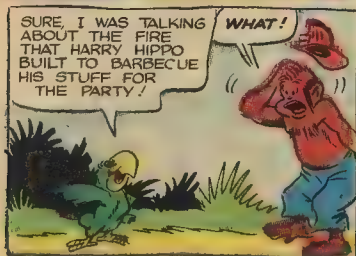
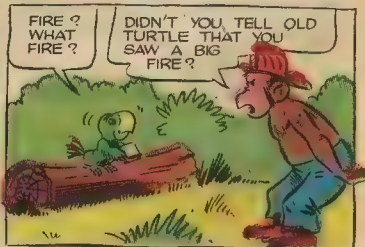
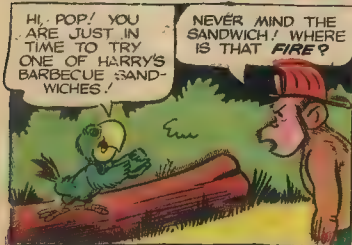
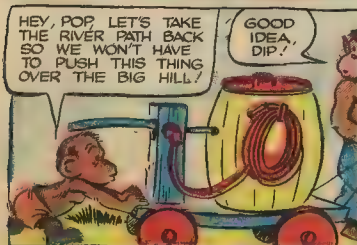
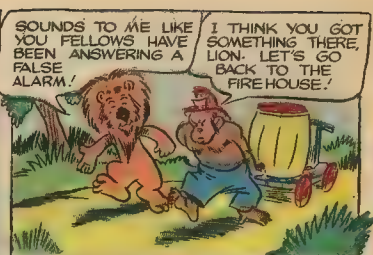
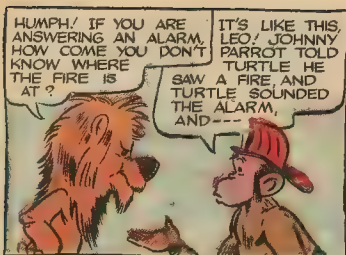








WE ARE NOT
LOOKING FOR
JUST **ANY** FIRE,
WE ARE ANSWER-
ING AN ALARM!



M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE
DOG

WHILLIKERS, WHAT A
CUTE LITTLE HOUSE.
I'D SURE LIKE TO
OWN IT.

THIS FINE
DOGHOUSE
FER SALE

WHY NOT? I'LL SELL
IT CHEAP, SON.

I...ER...I DIDN'T
KNOW ANYONE WAS
AROUND, MISTER.

THIS FINE
DOGHOUSE
SALE

YOU NEED A DOGHOUSE,
SON. YOU'RE
A DOG,
AINCHA?

YES, SIR...
THAT IS, I'M
A PRAIRIE
DOG.

EXACTLY, MY BOY. EVERY DOG
NEEDS A DOGHOUSE. I'LL SELL
IT FOR A SONG... ANY OLD
SONG WILL
DO.

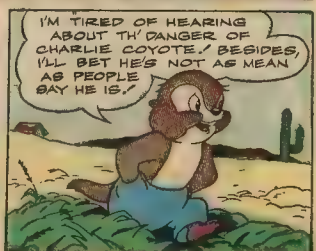
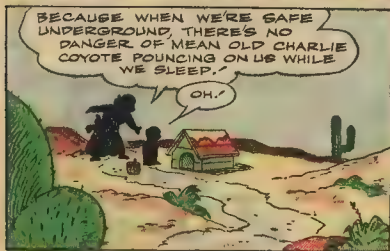
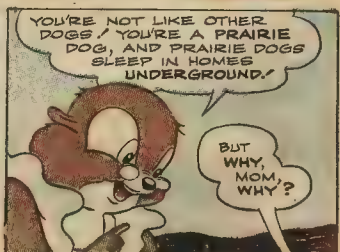
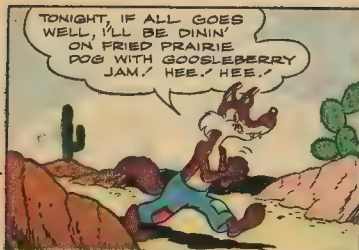
I DO KNOW
ONE SONG.

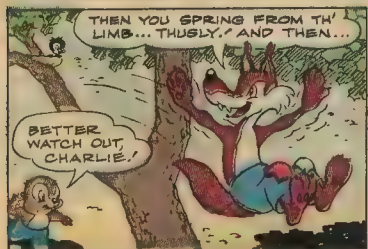
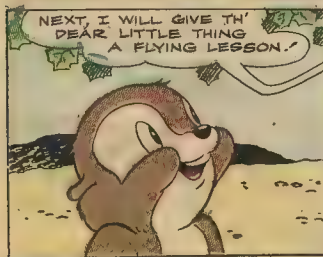
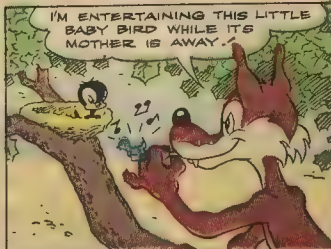
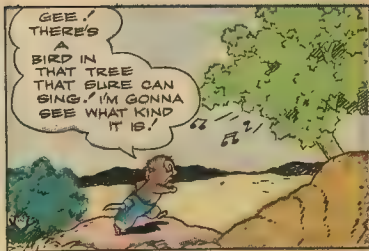
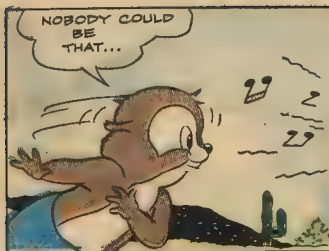
MY COUNTRY
TIS OF THEE...

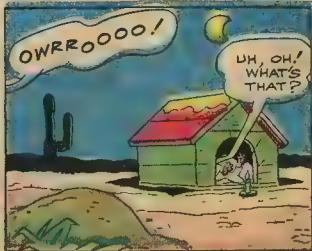
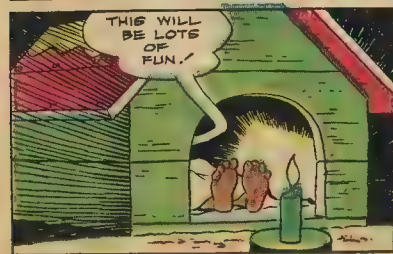
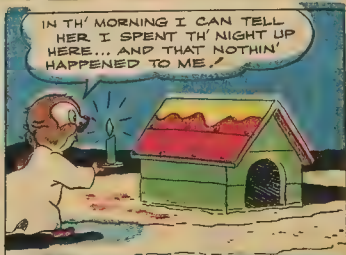
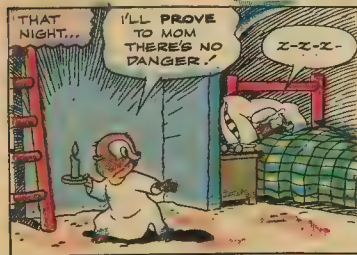
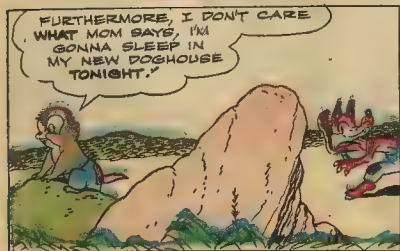
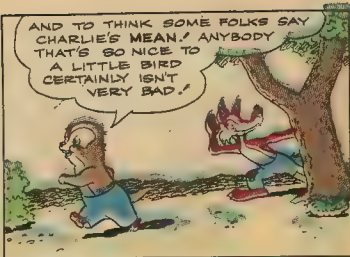
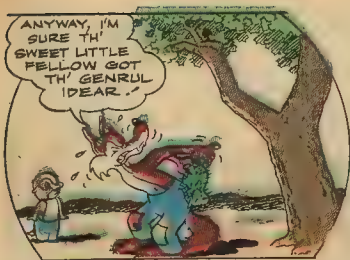
STOP!
THAT'S
ENOUGH!
IT'S ALL
YOURS! TAKE
IT AWAY!

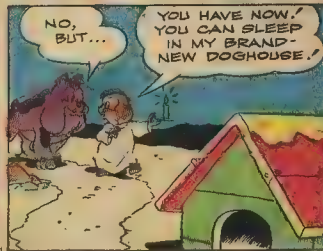
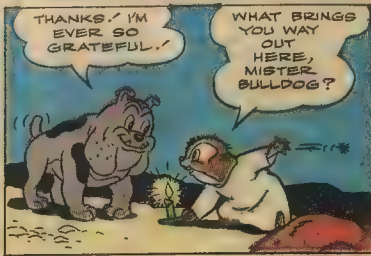
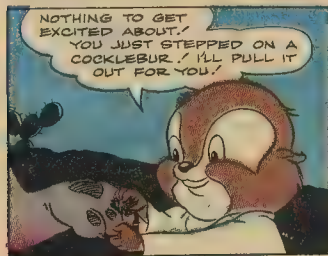
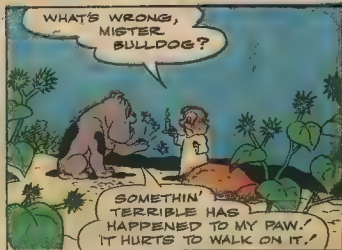
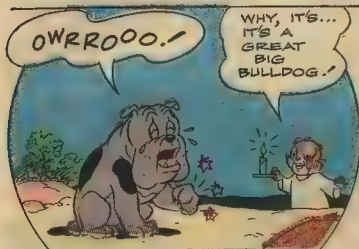
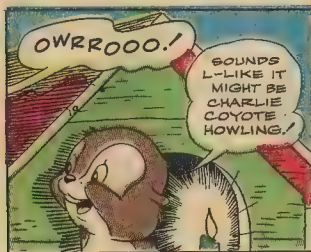
MY, THAT OLD GENTLEMAN
CERTAINLY SOLD IT CHEAP. HE
DIDN'T EVEN MAKE
ME FINISH THE
SONG.

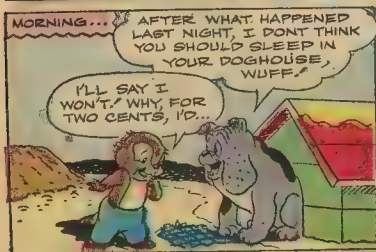
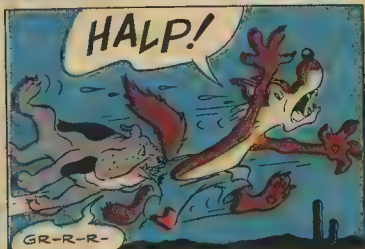
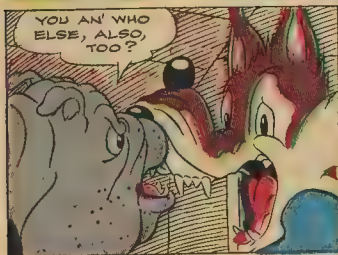
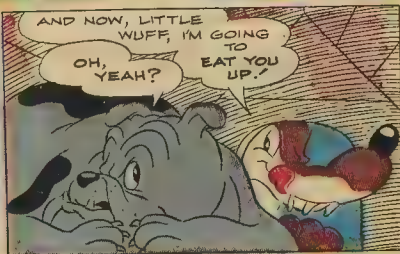
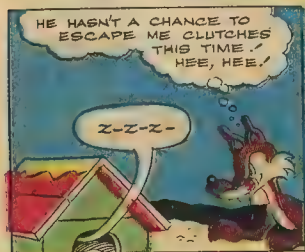
HOW DEUCEDLY CLEVER OF
ME, HE DIDN'T EVEN SUSPECT
HE WUZ DEALIN' WITH
CHARLIE
CYOTE.

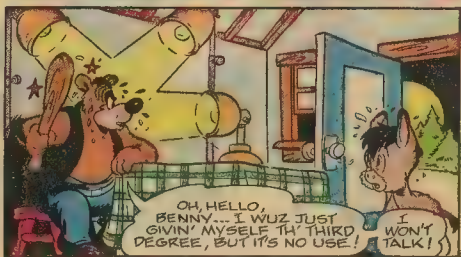
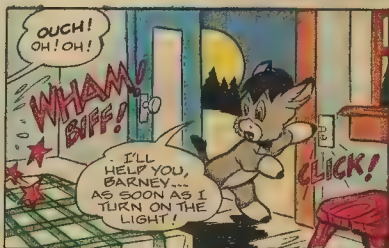
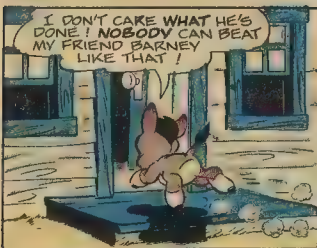
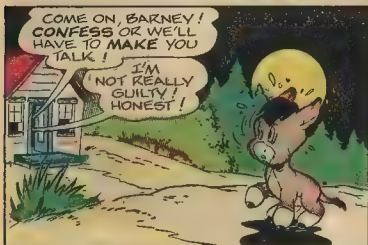
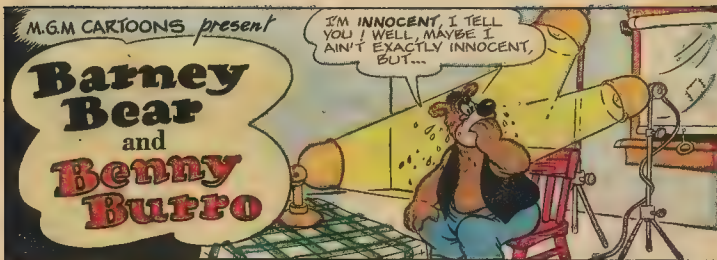


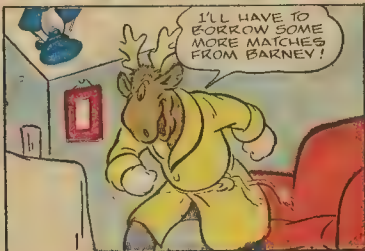
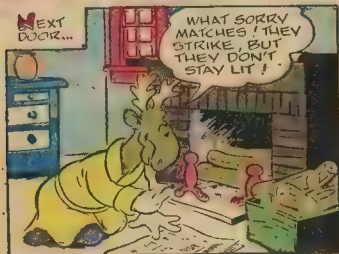
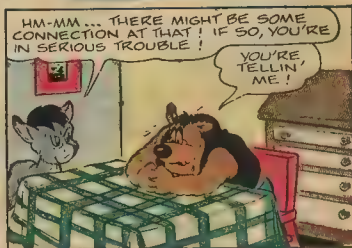
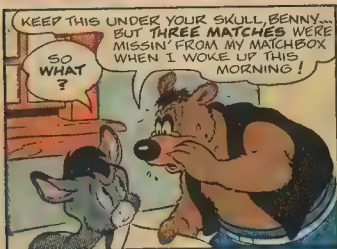
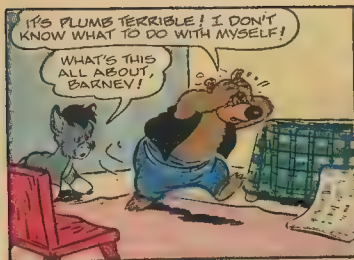


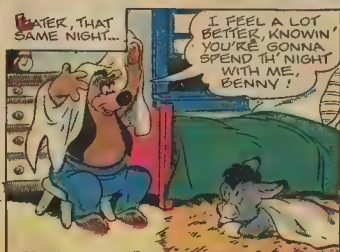
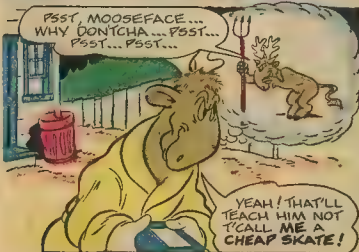
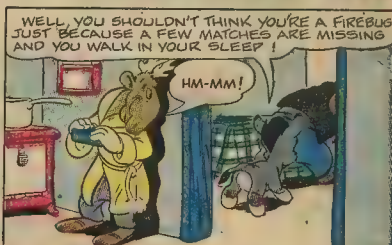
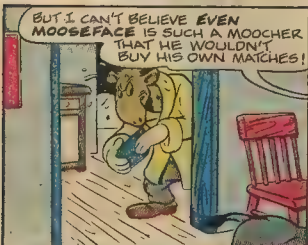
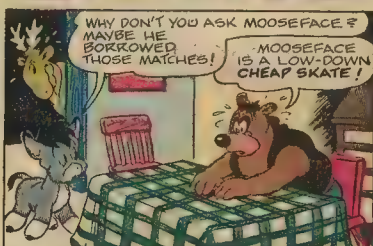


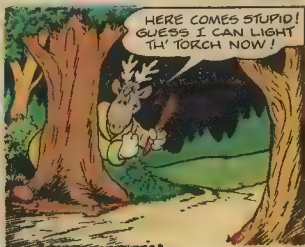
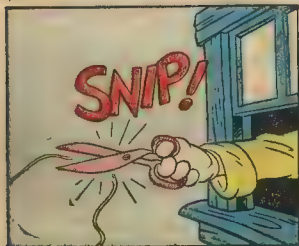
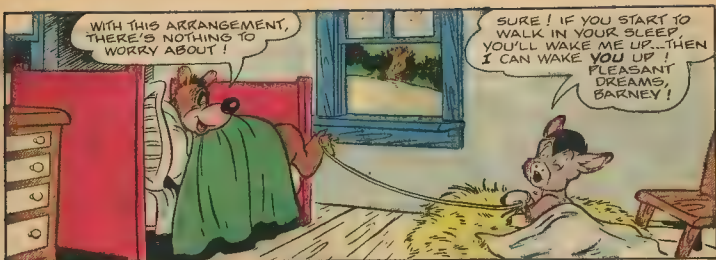


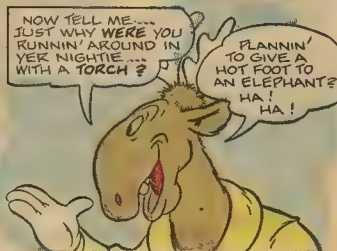
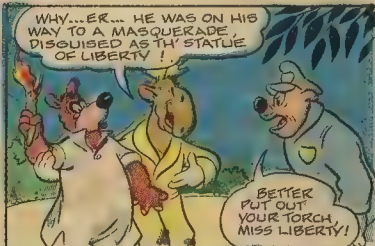






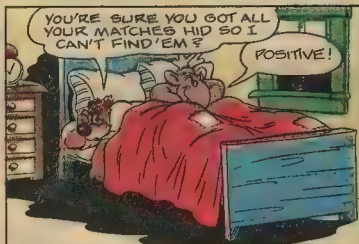


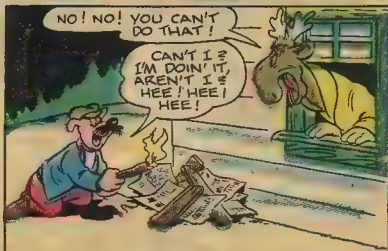
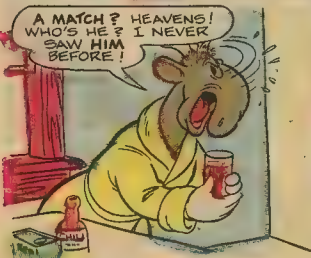
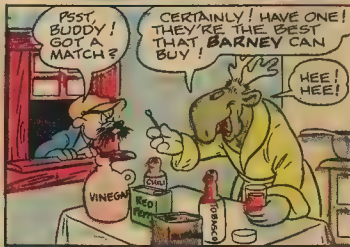
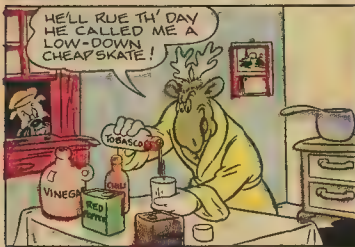
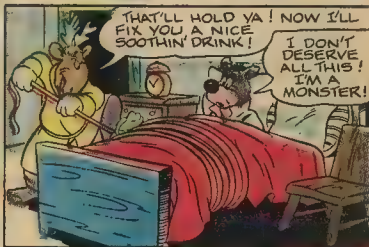
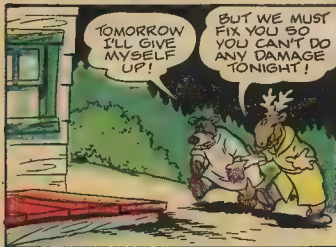


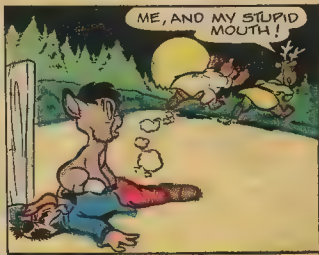
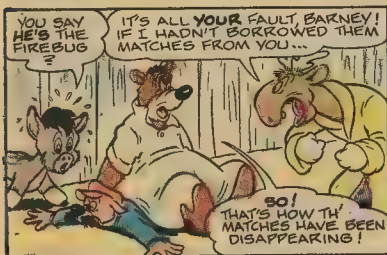
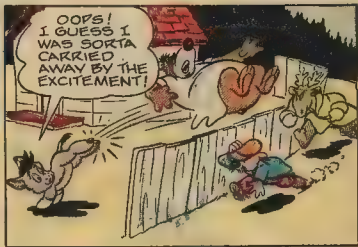
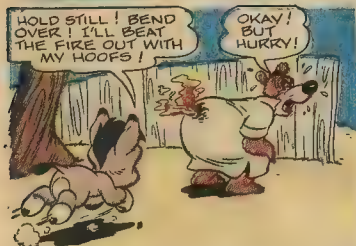
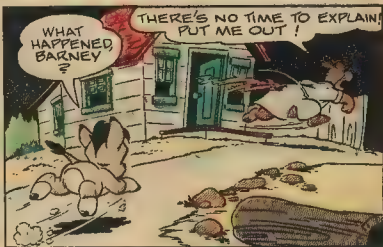
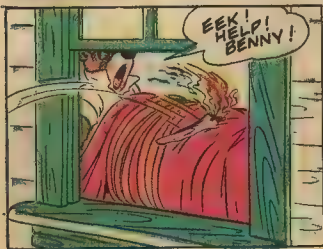
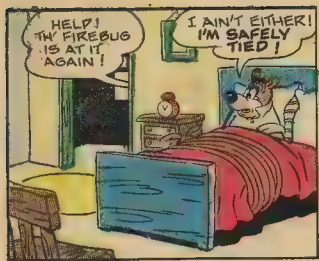




SO
BARNEY
TELLS OF
HIS
SUSPICIONS
OF
HIMSELF...

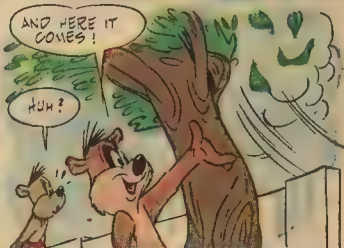
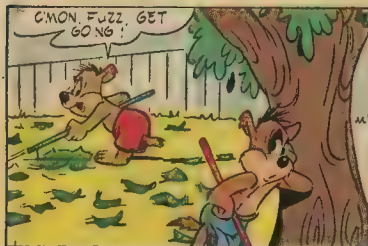
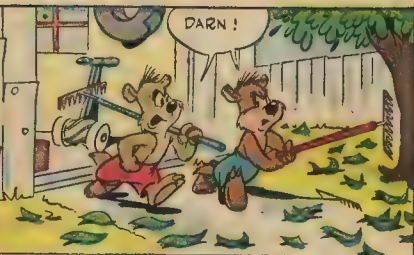


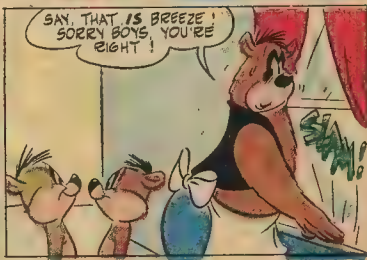
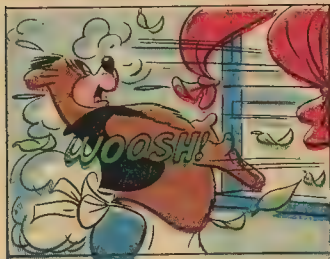
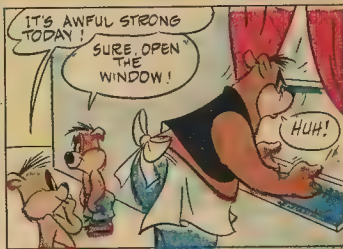
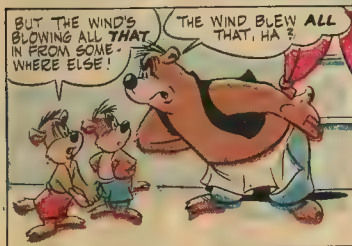
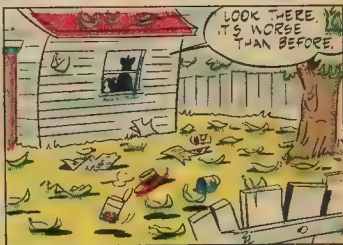
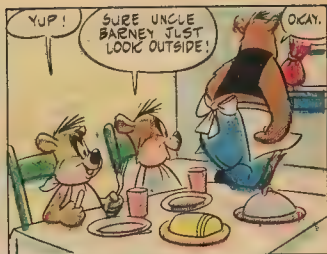
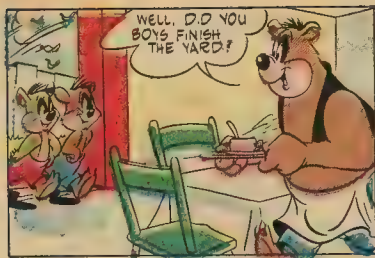


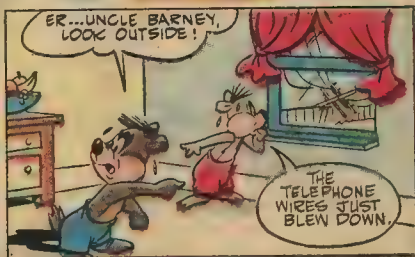
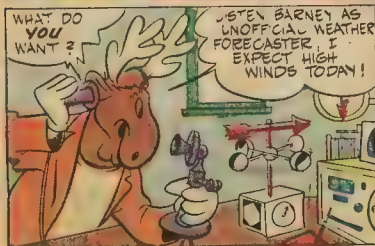
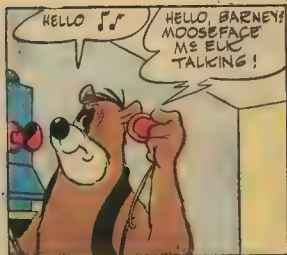
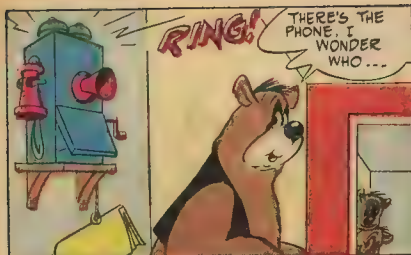


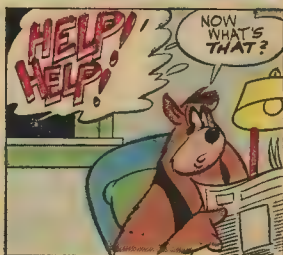
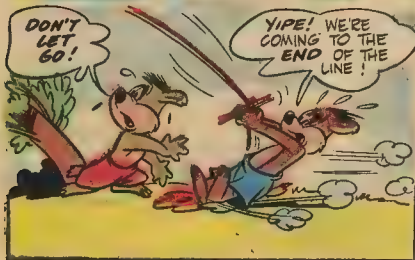
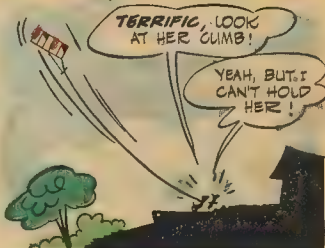
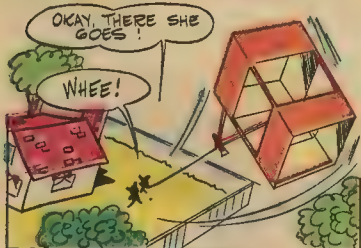
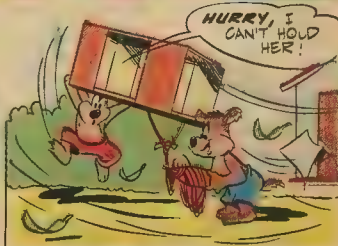
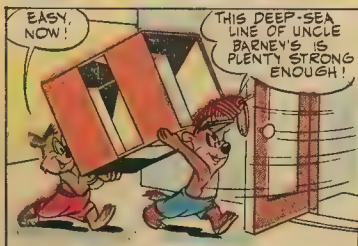
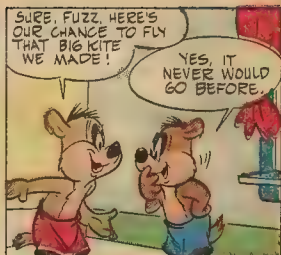
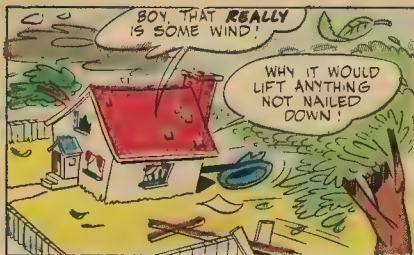
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

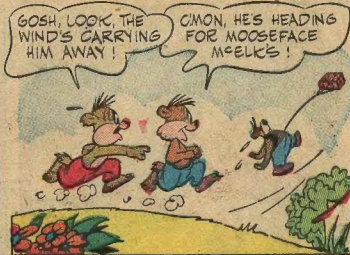
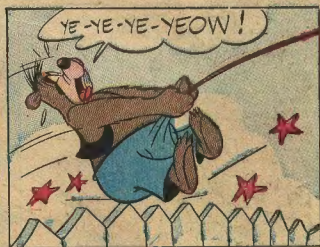
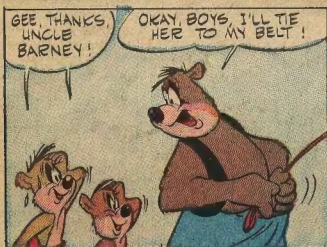
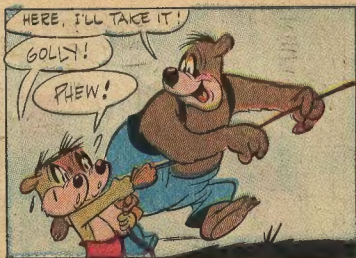
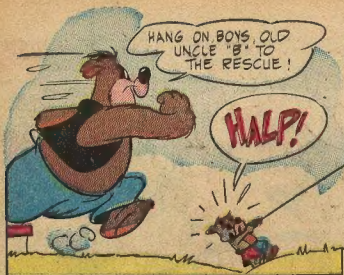
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
**fuzzy
and
wuzzy**

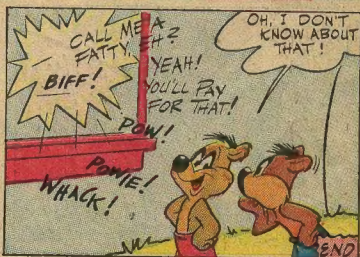
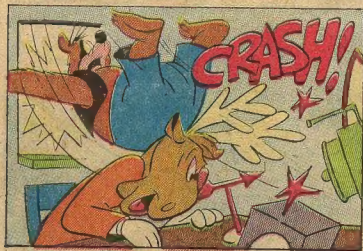
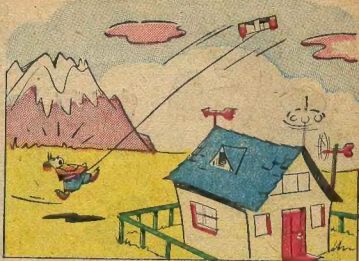




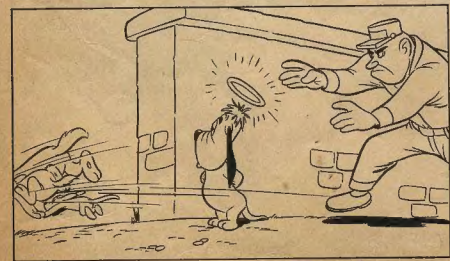
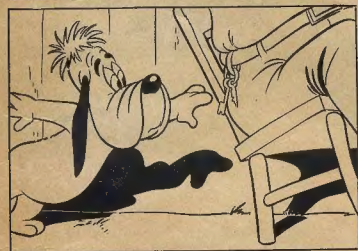
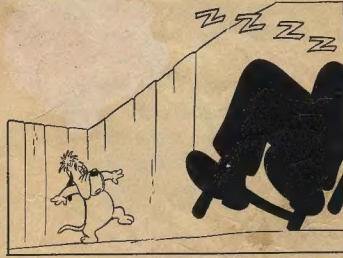
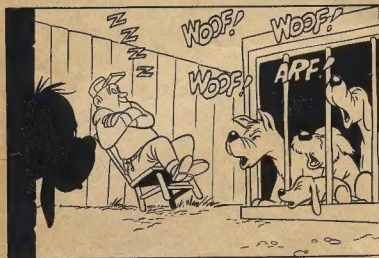
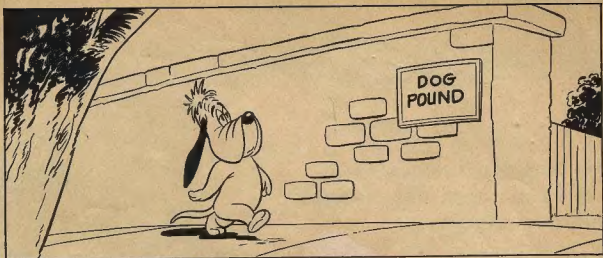








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